

T H E
GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A
S C O T S
PASTORAL COMEDY.

B Y
ALLAN RAMSAY.

With the S A N G S.

A B E R D E E N:

Printed and sold by F. DOUGLASS and W. MURRAY.
M, DCC, LIV.



T O

The Right Honourable

S U S A N N A,
COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with chearfulness. But, conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen, and haughty ill nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to chuse some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says, the Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild; I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the aukward censure of some pretending judges that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will croud into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of Eglintoun, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment shine with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

If

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my Muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless, great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY. Be that the care of the Herald and Historian: 'tis personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the Fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves, which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flattered; but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect: for whilst you are possess'd of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind; command devotion.

All this is very true, cries one of better sense than good nature; but what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?—Very true; but I have the liberty to use the Poet's privilege, which is, 'To speak what 'every body thinks.' Indeed there might be some strength in the reflection, if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life: but the Bard, who fondly
hopes

hopes immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure, in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished characters—I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear; but if I shall prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour; I shall hope to be classed with Tasso and Guarini, and sing with Ovid,

*If 'tis allow'd to Poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine.*

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient,

And most devoted Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO

T O T H E
C O U N T E S S of E G L I N T O U N ,

With the following

P A S T O R A L .

A CCEPT, O EGLINTOUN! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy duteous Poet pays.
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest on Scotia's blisful plains,
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted, thro' the verdant meads to stray:
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breath the balmy sweets of purer air;
In the cool ev'ning negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st approve
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love.
Learn from these scenes what warm and glowing fires,
Inflame the breast that real love inspires.
Delighted read of ardours, sighs, and tears;
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise,
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes,
When first the fair one does her hate relent,
And blushing beauteous smiles the kind consent.
Love's passion here in each extreme is show'n,
In CHARLOT's smile, or in MARIA's frown.
With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age,
Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.
His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.

He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the Rural State bestows
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
Secure alike from envy, and from care,
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet deprest by fear;
Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
Nor riches vexes with ill-gotten gains.
No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
Blest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,
In humble goodness, and in calm content.
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinless and pure in fair Humeia's soul.

But now the Rural State these joys has lost,
Even Swains no more that innocence can boast.
Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now Happiness forsakes her blest retreat,
The peaceful dwellings where she fixt her seat,
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright, sober race;
When on the sunny hill or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the sons of men,
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
She uninvited came a welcome guest:
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Brib'd from their innocence, incautious hearts,
Then grudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed;
Then dow'rlless beauty lost the pow'r to move;
The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love.
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good
The genial hearth first blush'd with stranger's blood.
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise.

The

The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,
 The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms;
 The voice of impious mirth is heard around;
 In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd.
 Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
 And Happiness forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh Happiness! from human search retir'd,
 Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd?
 Nun sober and devout, why art thou fled!
 To hide in shades thy meek contented head?
 Virgin of aspect mild! ah why unkind,
 Fly'st thou displeas'd the commerce of mankind?
 O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
 Where with thy Sire content thou lov'st to dwell.
 Or say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait
 Familiar, at the chambers of the great?
 Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
 To noisy revel, and to midnight ball?
 On the full banquet when we feast our soul,
 Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
 Or with the industrious planter dost thou talk,
 Conversing freely in an evening-walk?
 Say, does the Miser e'er thy face behold,
 Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold?
 Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much-lov'd pow'r,
 Still musing silent at the morning-hour?
 May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
 The Statesman's wisdom, or the Fair-one's charms?
 In vain our flattering hopes our steps beguile,
 The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:
 In vain we seek the city or the cell;
 Alone with virtue knows the pow'r to dwell.
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.
 Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast;
 But many passions must the blessing cost;

Infernal

Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
 And envy grieving at another's state.
 Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
 Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.
 When these are in the human bosom nurs'd,
 Can Peace reside in dwellings so accurst?
 Unlike, O EGLINTOUN! thy happy breast,
 Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest;
 From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,
 Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.
 In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
 Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
 Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's fame,
 How swift to praise, how obstinate to blame?
 Bold in thy presence bashful Sense appears,
 And backward Merit loses all its fears.
 Supremely blest by heav'n, heav'n's richest grace
 Confest is thine an early blooming race,
 Whose pleasant smiles shall Guardian Wisdom arm,
 Divine instruction! taught of thee to charm.
 What transports shall they to thy soul impart!
 (The conscious transports of a Parent's heart.)
 When thou beholds them of each grace possess'd,
 And sighing youths imploring to be blest,
 After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
 Or in the visit, or the dance to shine.
 Thrice happy! who succeed their mothers praise,
 The lovely EGLINTOUNS of other days.

Mean while peruse the following tender scenes,
 And listen to thy native Poet's strains.
 In antient garb the home-bred Muse appears,
 The garb our Muses wore in former years.
 As in a glass reflected, here behold
 How smiling Goodness look'd in days of old.
 Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
 And virtuous love, the likeness of thy own;

B

While

While midst the various gifts that gracious heav'n,
Bounteous to thee, with righteous hand has given;
Let this, O EGLINTOUN, delight thee most,
T' enjoy that Innocence the world has lost.

W. H,

(*William Hamilton*)

The PERSONS.

M E N.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.

ROGER, a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.

SYMON, } two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir William.
GLAUD, }

BAULDY, a Hynd engag'd with Neps.

W O M E N.

PEGGY, thought to be Glaud's Neice.

JENNY, Glaud's only Daughter.

MAUSE, an old Woman, supposed to be a Witch.

ELSPA, Symon's Wife.

MADGE, Glaud's Sister.

*SCENE, a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few
Miles from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action within twenty-four Hours.

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,
Where chrystal springs the halefome waters yield,
Twa youthful Shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their Flocks, ae bonny morn of May.
Poor ROGER granes till hollow ecchoes ring,
But blyther PATIE likes to laugh and sing.

PATIE and ROGER.

PATIE.

SANG I. The waking of the Faulds.

M*Y* Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.

*My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The waking of the Fauld.*

*My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair, to lay my Care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.*

*My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld:
But she gars a' my spirits glow
At waking of the Fauld.*

My

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld;
 And nothing gi'es me sic delight,
 As waking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae fastly,
 When on my pipe I play;
 By a' the rest, it is confest,
 By a' the rest that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae fastly.
 And in her sangs are tald,
 With innocence the wale of sense,
 At waking of the Fauld.*

THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
 And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
 How hartsome is't to see the rising plants,
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
 How halefome is't to snuff the cawler air,
 And all the sweets it bears, when void of care!
 What ails thee, Roger, then? What gars thee grane?
 Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

R O G E R.

I'm born, O Patie! to a thrawart fate;
 I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great.
 Tempest may cease to jaw the rowand flood,
 Corbies and tods to grein for lambkin's blood:
 But I, oppress'd with never-ending grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

P A T I E.

P A T I E.

The bees shall loath the flow'r, and quit the hive,
The faughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornful queans, or loss of worldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

R O G E R.

Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whase faul's fae sadly out of tune.
You have fae fast a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
Thy dit their lugs, seyne up their leglens cleck,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought.
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.
For ilka sheep ye have, I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

P A T I E.

- But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly with your cunzie part.
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

R O G E R.

My byar tumbled, nine braw nout were smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter last my cares were very sma',
Though scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

P A T I E.

Were your bein rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Lefs you wad loss, and lefs ye wad repine.
He that has just enough, can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

R O G E R.

ROGER.

May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
 That thou mayst thole the pangs of mony a loss.
 O mayst thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
 That ne'er will lowt thy lowand drouth to quench
 Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
 And awn that anc may fret that is nae fool.

PATIE.

Sax good fat lambs, I fald them ilka clut
 At the West-port, and bought a windsome flute,
 Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round,
 A dainty whistle with a pleasant sound:
 I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
 Than you with all your cash, ye dowie fool.

ROGER.

Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
 Some other thing lies heavier at my breast.
 I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
 That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

PATIE

Now to a friend, how silly's! this pretence,
 To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens!
 Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad you hide
 Your well seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
 Tak courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
 And safely think nane kens them but your sell,

ROGER,

Indeed, now, Patie, ye have gues'd o'er true,
 And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.
 Me dorty Jenny looks upon a squint;
 To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
 In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
 And gars me look bumbaz'd and unco blate.

But

But yesterday I met her 'yont a know;
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow;
She Bauldly loes, Bauldy that drives the car;
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

PATIE.

But Bauldy loes not her, right well I wat;
He sighs for Neps:—Sae that may stand for that.

ROGER.

I wish I cou'dna loe her:—but in vain;
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like;
Even while he faun'd, she strake the poor dum tike:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
With a' her face she shaws a caulrife scorn.
Last night I play'd, (ye never heard sic spite)
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delite;
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
Flocks, wander where ye like; I dinna care;
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

PATIE.

E'en do sae, Roger; wha can help misluck,
Saebins she be sic a thrawn gabbet chuck?
Yonder's a craig; since ye have tint all hope,
Gae til't your ways, and take the the lover's loup.

ROGER.

I need na mak sic speed my blood to spill;
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

PATIE.

Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way:
Seem careles, there's my hand ye'll win the day.

Hear

Hear how I serv'd my lass I love as well
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about,
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee:
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me;
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was clos upon me e'er she wist.
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her streight bare legs that whyter were than snaw;
Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek,
Her haffet-locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheek sae ruddy and her een sae clear;
And O! her mouth's like ony hinny-pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waste-coat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blythsome I cry'd, my bonny Meg, come here;
I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon alteeer:
But I can guess; ye're gawn to gather dew.
She scow'r'd away and said, What's that to you?
Then fare ye well, Meg-Dorts, and e'en's ye like,
I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke,
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came wi' a right thievless errand back;
Misca'd me first,——then bad me hound my dog
To wear up three waff'ews stray'd on the bog.
I leugh, and sae did she; then with great haste
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waste,
About her yielding waste, and took a south
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowand mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very faul came louping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack;
But well I kend she meant nae as she spake.

S A N G

SANG II. Fy gar rub her o'er with strae.

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
and answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight;
But them despise who're soon defeat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse—then be not blate,
Pass bauldly on, and win the day.
When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when it's too late.*

ROGER.

Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
Ye're ay fae cadgy, and have sic an art
To harden ane: for now as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae for your pains, I'll make you a propine,
My mother (rest her faul) she made it fine,
A tartan plaid, spun of good haslock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue,
With spraings like goud, and filler cross'd with black;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Well are ye wordy o't, wha have fae kind
Red up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

PATIE.

Well, hald ye there:—And since ye've frankly made
A present to me of your braw new plaid,
My flute's be yours; and she too that's fae nice
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

G

ROGER.

ROGER.

As ye advise, I'll promise to observe't;
 But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserve't.
 Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring;
 For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

PATIE.

But first we'll take a turn up to the hight,
 And see gif all our flocks be feeding right.
 Be that time, bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
 Will make a breakfast that a laird might please,
 Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise,
 To season meat with health instead of spice.
 When we have taen the grace drink at this well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysell. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT I. SCENE II.

A flow'ry howm between two verdant braes,
 Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths,
 A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
 Its channel pebbils, shining, smooth and round,
 Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
 First please your eye, next gratify your ear,
 While JENNY what she wishes discommends,
 And MEG with better sense true love defends.

PEGGY and JENNY.

JENNY.

COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
 The shining day will bleech our linen clean;
 The water's clear, the lift unclouded blue,
 Will make them like a lilly wet with dew.

PEGGY.

Go farer up the burn to Habbie's-how,
 Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow;

Be-

Between twa birks out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's, and makes a singand din;
A pool breast-deep beneath, as clear as glafs,
Kisses with eafy whirles the bordring grafs:
We'll end our wafhing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wafh our fells.—'Tis healthfou now in May,
And sweetly caulder on fo warm a day.

J E N N Y.

Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye fay
Giff our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us fae? that jeering fallow Pate
Wad taunting fay, Haith lasses, ye're no blate.

P E G G Y.

We're far frae ony road, and out of sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the hight:
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane)
What gars ye plague your wooer with difdain?
The neighbours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger loes you, yet ye care na by.
What ails ye at him? troth between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er you faw.

J E N N Y.

I dinna like him, Peggy; there's an end:
A herd mair sheepish yet I never ken'd.
He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon knots at his blew bonnet-lug;
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee:
He faulds his owrlay down his breast with care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair.
For a' that, he can neither sing nor fay,
Except, How d'ye?—or, There's a bonny day.

P E G G Y.

P E G G Y

Ye dash the lad with constant flighting pride;
 Hatred for love is unco fare to bide:
 But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld.
 What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?

S A N G III. Polwart on the green.

*The dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld,
 And nane her smiles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld:
 The daunted bairn thus takes the pet,
 Nor eats tho' hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at his meat,
 And's laught at by the lave.
 They jest it till the dinner's past,
 Thus by itself abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Fy! Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

J E N N Y.

I never thought a single life a crime.

P E G G Y.

Nor I:—but love in whispers lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, and we for men.

J E N N Y.

If Roger is my jo, he kens him fell;
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
 He glows and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws;
 Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
 They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free;
 The chiefs may a' knit up themselves for me.

P E G G Y.

PEGGY.

Be doing your ways, for me I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

JENNY.

Heh las! how can ye loo that rattle-scall,
A very deil that ay maun hae his will?
We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead fae soon's ye're man and wife.

SANG IV. O dear mother what shall I do,

*O dear Peggy love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling,
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betyde you.
Lasses when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married;
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youths' joys.*

PEGGY.

I'll rin the risk, nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I, with pleasure mount my bridal bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head,
There we may kifs, as lang as kissing's good,
And what we do there's nane dare call it rude,
He's get his will: Why no? 'tis good my part
To give him that, and he'll give me his heart.

JENNY.

He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco fraisc,
And daut you baith afore fouk, and your lane:
But soon as his newfangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.

Instead

Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
 Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
 And may be in his barlik hoods ne'er stick
 To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

PEGGY.

Sic course-spun thoughts as thae want pith to move
 My settled mind, I'm o'er far gane in love.
 Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
 But want of him I dread no ither skaith.
 There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
 Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.
 And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
 His words they thirle like musick through my heart.
 How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
 And jest at feckleless fears that fright the lave.
 Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
 He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
 He is:—But what need I say that or this?
 I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
 In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
 The rest seem coofs, compar'd with my dear Pate.
 His better sense will lang his love secure:
 Ill nature hefts in faults that's weak and poor.

JENNY.

Hey bonny lass of Brankfome, or't be lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
 O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
 Syne whindging gets about your ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that with fasheous din;
 To make them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, ane seads itsell wi' broe,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe.
 The Deil gaes o'er Jock Wabster; hame grows hell,
 When Pate miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

SANG V. How can I be fad on my wedding-day.

*How shall I be fad when a husband I hae
That has better sense than any of thae?
Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Nor with dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.*

Yes, 'tis a hartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge your sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight
To hear their little complaints, and keep them right.
Wow Jenny! can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at,—their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love makes care delight?

JENNY.

But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a':
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should beggary draw;
But little love, or canty chear can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die;—the spate may bear away
Frae off the howms your dainty rucks of hay;—
The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blasby thows,
May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ews:
A dyvour buys your butter, woo and cheese,
But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees:
With glooman brow the Laird seeks in his rent:
It's no to gie, your merchant's to the bent:
His Honour manna want, he poinds your gear:
Synce driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
Dear

Dear Meg, be wife, and live a single life:
Troth 'tis nae mows to be a married wife.

PEGGY.

May sic ill luck befa' that lilly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fouk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's requir'd, let heav'n make out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
That lads shou'd a' for wives that's virtuous pray.
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A weel stor'd room unless his wife would let.
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care
And win the vogue at market, trone or fair,
For halvesome, clean, cheap and sufficient ware.
A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall be first sold to pay the Laird his due:
Syne a' behind's our ain.—Thus without fear,
With love and routh we throw the world will steer.
And when may Pate in bairns and gear grows rise,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

JENNY.

But what if some young giglet on the green,
With dimpled cheeks and twa bewitching een,
Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kend kisses hardly worth a feg.

PEGGY.

Nae mair of that.—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we.
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind,
Has blest them with solidity of mind.
They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile.

'Tis

Sae whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
To keep him chearfu', and secure his heart.
At e'en when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll have a' things made ready to his will.
In winter when he toils through wind and rain;
A bleezing ingle and a clean hearth-stane:
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pot's be ready to take aff,
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him with the best we can afford.
Good humour and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

J E N N Y.

A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
And dozens down to nanè as fowk grow auld.

P E G G Y.

But we'll grow auld together and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tye,
Then ought in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride,
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture now are fully blest.
This shields the other frae the eastlen blast,
That in return defends it frae the wast.
Sic as stand single,—(a state sae lik'd by you !)
Beneath ilk storm frae ev'ry airth maun bow.

J E N N Y.

I've done,—I yield dear lassie I maun yeild;
Your better sense has fairly won the field,

D

With

26 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

With the assistance of a little fae
Lyes darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI. Nanfy's to the greenwood gane.

*I yeild dear lassie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun
Frae love proceeds complying.
For a' that we can do or say,
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
That by the heart-strings lead us*

P E G G Y.

Alake! poor pris'ner Jenny that's no fair,
That ye'll not let the wee thing tak the air:
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

J E N N Y.

Another time's as good; for see the sun
Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
To freath the greath;—if cankar'd Maudge our aunt
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant.
But when we've done, I'll tell you a' my mind,
For this seems true,—Nae las's can be unkind. [*Exeunt.*]

End of the first Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A snug thack house, before the door a green;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen:
One this side stands a barn, on that a byar;
A peet-stack joins, and forms a rural squair.
The house is Gland's;-----there you may see him lean,
And to his divet-seat invite his friend.

GLAUD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

GOOD-morrow, nibour Symon;—come sit down,
And gie's your cracks--what's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And fald your Crummock and her bassen'd quey.
I'll warrant you've coft a pound of cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

SYMON.

With a' my heart—And tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your heart with joy.
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell you things have taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like fleas,
And skulk in hidlings on the heather braes.

GLAUD.

Fy blaw!—Ah Symmie! rattling cheils ne'er stand
To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff-hand;
Whilk soon flies round like will-fire far and near:
But loose your pock, be't true or fause let's hear.

SYMON.

Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has with our Master been,
Our brave good Master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate to save his head,

Because

28 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Because ye ken fou weel he bravely chose
To stand his Liege's friend with great MONTROSE.
Now CROMWELL's gane to Nick, and ane ca'd MONK
Has play'd the Rump a right flee begunk,
Restor'd King CHARLES, and ilka thing's in tune;
And Habby says we'll see Sir WILLIAM soon.

S A N G VII. Could kale in Aberdeen.

*Could be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody;
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody.
Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, King, and nation.*

G L A U D.

That makes me blyth indeed: but dinna flaw;
Tell o'er your news again! and swear till't a',
And saw ye Hab! and what did Halbert say?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now GOD be thanked that our Laird's come hame.
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

S Y M O N.

They that hag-raid us till our guts did grain,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
And good Sir WILLIAM shall enjoy his ain.

G L A U D.

And may he lang; for never did he stent
Us in our thriving with a racket rent,
Nor grumbl'd if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our mailins when we put on Sunday's claiiths.

S Y M O N.

Nor wad he lang, with senselefs faucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

“ Put

“ Put on your bonnet, Symon;—take a seat——
 “ How’s all at hame?—How’s Elspa? how does Kate?
 “ How sells black cattle?—What gi’s woo this year?
 And sic like kindly questions wad he spear.

S A N G VIII. Mucking of Geordy’s byar.

*The Laird who in riches and honour
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
 Nor rack the poor tenants, who labour
 To rise aboon poverty.
 Else like the pack horse that’s unfother’d
 And burden’d will tumble down faint;
 Thus virtue by hardship is smother’d,
 And rackers aft tine their rent.*

G L A U D.

Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen,
 The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean;
 Whilk in our breast rais’d sic a blythsome flame,
 As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
 My heart’s e’en rais’d!—Dear nibour will ye stay,
 And tak your dinner here with me the day?
 We’ll send for Elspa too;—and upo’ sight,
 I’ll whistle Pate and Roger frae the hight.
 I’ll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
 And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown,
 And gar our cotters a’, man, wife, and wean,
 Drink till they tyne the gate to stand their lane.

S Y M O N.

I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,
 Gif that it hadna first of a’ been mine:
 For heer-yestreen I brew’d a bow of maut,
 Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat;
 A furlet of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
 And a large ham hings reestfing in the nook;
 I saw my sell, or I came o’er the loan,
 Our meikle pot that scads the whey put on,

A

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 To stand his Liege's friend with great MONTROSE.
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 Has play'd the Rump a right flee begunk,
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S A N G VII. Cauld kale in Aberdeen.

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 Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat;
 A furlet of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
 And a large ham hings reesting in the nook;
 I saw my fell, or I came o’er the loan,
 Our meikle pot that scads the whey put on,

A mutton-bouk to boil;—and ane we'll rost;
 And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost.
 Small are they thorn; and she can mix fou nice
 The gusty ingans with a curn of spice.
 Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet well fung;
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
 And drink our master's health, and welcome hame.
 Ye manna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.
 Bring wi' ye all your family and then,
 Whene'er you please I'll rant wi' you again.

G L A U D.

Spoke like your fell, Auld-birky; never fear
 But at your banquet I shall first appear:
 Faith we shall bend the bicker and look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
 Auld, said I! Troth I'm younger be a score
 With your good news than what I was before.
 I'll dance or e'en! Hey Magde, come forth, d'ye hear?

Enter M A D G E.

M A D G E.

The man's gane gyte! Dear Symon welcome here.
 What wad ye, Glaud, with a' this haste and din?
 Ye never let a body sit to spin.

G L A U D.

Spin! snuff:—Gae break your wheel, and burn your
 tow
 And set the meiklest peet-stack in a low;
 Syne dance about the bane-fire till you die,
 Since now again we'll soon Sir WILLIAM see.

M A D G E.

Blyth news indeed!—And wha was't tald you o't?

G L A U D.

GLAUD.

What's that t'you? Gae get my Sunday's coat;
Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands,
My white-skin hose, and mittans for my hands;
Then, frae their washing, cry the bairns in haste,
And make ye'r sells as trig, head, feet and waist,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine with Sym bedeen.

SYMON.

Do, honest Madge, and, Glaud, I'll o'er the gate,
And see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE II.

The open field a cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end----
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
With falded arms, and half-rai'd looks ye see

BAULDY *his lane.*

WHAT's this! I canna bear't! 'tis war than hell?
To be fae burnt with love yet darna tell!

O PEGGY! sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens, or new-mawn hay:
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows,
Straighter than ought that in the forrest grows.
Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
The lilly in her breastits beauty tines.

Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!

For Pate loes her,—waes me, and she loes Pate,
And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate
Made a daft vow —— O but ane be a beast,
That makes rash aiths till he's afore the priest.

I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.

'Tis

'Tis fare to thole,—I'll try some witchcraft art,
 To break with ane, and win the other's heart.
 Here Mauzy lives, a witch that for sma' price,
 Can cast her cantraips, and give me advice.
 She can o'ercaft the night, and cloud the moon,
 And make the deils obedient to her crune.
 At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards she raves,
 And howks unchristen'd weans out of their graves;
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
 Rins withershins about the hemlock low:
 And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
 Till plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
 Mixt with the venom of black taid and snakes.
 Of this, unfonsy pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates;—and gars expire,
 With slaw and racking pains afore a fire;
 Stuck fou of prines the devlish pictures melt,
 The pain by fowk they represent is felt.
 And yonder's Maufe: ay, ay, she kens fou weil,
 When ane like me comes running to the deil.
 She and her cat sit beeking in her year'd,
 To speak my errand, faith, amais't I'm fear'd:
 But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive,
 They gallop fast that deils and lasses drive. [Exit.

. A C T II. S C E N E III.

A green kail-yard, a little font,
 Where water popland springs,
 There sits a wife with wrinkled front,
 And yet she spins and sings.

M A U S E.

S A N G IX. Carle and the King come.

*Peggy, now the King's come,
 Peggy, now the King's come,
 Thou may dance and I shall sing,
 Peggy, since the King's come,*

Nae

*Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the King's come.*

Enter BAULDY.

BAULDY.

HOW does all honest lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hale and fere at threescore ten.

MAUSE.

E'en twining out a threed with little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the fun.
What brings my bairn this gate fae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh, nae corn?

BAULDY.

Enough of baith;—but something that requires
Your helping hand employs now all my cares.

MAUSE.

My helping hand, alake! What can I do,
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

BAULDY.

Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist pairt of the parish tells a lie.

MAUSE.

Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm posselt,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

BAULDY.

The word that gangs, how ye're fae wise and fell,
Ye'll may be take it ill gif I foud tell.

MAUSE.

What fowk says of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

E

BAULDY.

BAULDY.

We'll, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
 That ilk ane talks about you but a faw.
 When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn,
 When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;
 When Brauny elf-shot never mair came hame;
 When Tibby kirk'd and there nae butter came;
 When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked wean
 To a fairy turn'd, and coud'na stand its lane;
 When Watie wander'd ae night throw the shaw,
 And tint himsell amaisht amang the snaw;
 When Mungo's mare stood still and swat with fright,
 When he brought east the howdy under night;
 When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green,
 And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen;
 You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
 And ilka ane here dreads ye round about,
 And fae they may that mint to do you skaith,
 For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
 But when I neist make grots, I'll strive to please
 You with a furlet of them mixt with pease.

MAUSE.

I thank you, lad,—now tell me your demand,
 And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

BAULY.

Then, I like Peggy,—Neps is fond of me——— }
 Peggy likes Pate;—and Patie is bauld and flee, }
 And loes sweet Meg:—but Neps I downa see—— }
 Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and than,
 Peggy's to me,——I'd be the happiest man.

MAUSE.

I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,
 Sae gang your ways, and come again at night.
 'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
 Worth all your pease and grots, tak ye nae care.

BAULDY.

BAULDY.

Well, Maufe, I'll come, gif I the road can find:
But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind,
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the night fae rough, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant at Symie's at a feast,
O will ye come like Badrans for a jest?
And there ye can our diff'rent haviours spy;
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

MAUSE.

'Tis like I may,——but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

BAULDY.

If I ought of your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[Exit Bauldy,

MAUSE *her lane.*

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and eild,
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely beild,
With a small cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
Gie ane the hatefu' name, A wrinkled Witch,
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
That I'm a Wretch in compact with Auld Nick;
Because by education I was taught
To speak, and act aboon their common thought.
Their grofs mistake shall quickly now appear:
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
Nane kens't but me; —and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

[Exit,

ACT

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Behind a tree, upon the plain,
 PATIE and his PEGGY meet;
 In love without a vicious stain,
 The bonny lass and chearfu' Swain
 Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

PEGGY.

O PATIE, let me gang, I mauna stay,
 We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away,

PATIE.

I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
 And Roger he's away with Jenny gane;
 They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
 To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
 Here where primroses thickest paint the green,
 Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
 Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
 How fast the westlin winds fough throw the reeds.

PEGGY.

The scented meadows,—birds—and healthy breeze,
 For ought I ken may mair than Peggy please.

PATIE.

Ye wrang me fair to doubt my being kind;
 In speaking sae ye ca' me dull and blind:
 Gif I cou'd fancy ought sae sweet or fair
 As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
 Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier;
 Thy cheek and breast the finest flowers appear;
 Thy words excell the maist delightfu' notes,
 That warble through the merl or mavis' throtes.
 With thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
 Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.

The

The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kifs of thee.

PEGGY.

But Patrick for some wicked end may fleech,
And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna stay,—ye jocker, let me gang;
Anither lafs may gar ye change your fang,
Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang.

PATIE.

Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
And wrang the bairn sits smiling in her lap;
The Sun shall change, the Moon to change shall cease;
The gaits to climb,—the sheep to yield the fleece:
Ere ought by me be either said or doon,
Shall skaith our love, I swear by all aboon.

PEGGY.

Then keep your aith: but mony lads will swear,
And be manfwrn to twa in haf-a-year,
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if a fairer face your heart should steal,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was dauted anes by faithless Pate.

PATIE.

I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year.
I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd you frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the Tanfy-know, or Ralhy-strand.
Thou smiling by my side.—I took delyte
To pou the rashes green, with roots sae whyte,
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

When first thou gade with shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill;
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bought at even I met with thee.

PATIE.

When corns grew yellow and the heather bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells;
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I could find blae berries ripe for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the stane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain:
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

PATIE.

JENNY sings fast the Broom of Cowdenknows;
And Rosie lilt the Milking of the Ews;
There's nane like Nanfy Jenny Nettles sings,
At turns in Maggy Lawder Marion dings:
But when my PEGGY sings, with sweeter skill,
The Boatman, or the Lads of Patie's mill;
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me:
Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

PEGGY.

How eith can lasses trow what they desire?
And rous'd by them we love, blaws up that fire:
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my cares shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

*The foregoing, with a small variation, was sung at
the Acting as follows.*

SANG

S A N G X. The yellow hair'd Laddie.

*When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking, first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie, nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.*

P A T I E.

*When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue heather bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, brier or brekens gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.*

P E G G Y.

*When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka sport manly, gave pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle or run swift as thee.*

P A T I E.

*Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden broom Knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the Ews;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanzy can sing,
At Throw the Wood Laddie, Bes gars our lugs ring:
But when my dear Peggy sing, with better skill
The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lafs of the mill,
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasant to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

P E G G Y.

*How easy can lasses throw what they desire;
And praises jae kindly increases love's fire;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.*

P A T I E.

*Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave:
At nought they'll ferly——senseless tales believe;
Be blyth for silly heights, for trifles grieve:——*

Sic

Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
 Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
 But thou in better sense without a flaw,
 As in thy beauty far excells them a'.
 Continue kind, and a' my care shall be,
 How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

PEGGY.

Agreed;——but harken, yon's auld aunty's cry:
 I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

PATIE.

And let them fairly, now a kindly kiss,
 Or five score good anes wad not be a-miss;
 And syne we'll sing the sang with tunefu' glee,
 That I made up last owk on you and me.

PEGGY.

Sing first, syne claim your hire.——

PATIE.

———Well, I agree.

SANG XI. PATIE sings.

*By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
 And rowing eye that smiling tells the truth,
 I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
 You're made for love, and why should ye deny?*

PEGGY sings.

*But ken ye, lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
 Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done?
 The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
 Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sour.*

PATIE sings.

*But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
 Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye.
 Red cheeked you compleatly ripe appear,
 And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang half-year.*

PEGGY.

PEGGY singing falls into *Patie's* arms.

*The dinna pou me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a':
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.*

PATIE with his left hand about her waist.

*O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares, away:
I'll kiss my treasure all the live lang day;
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O! lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day:
And if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep gin ye like a week that night.*

End of the second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading Lyme,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd with time.
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean;
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been:
But whisht! it is the Knight in masquerade,
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves
Throw his auld av'news, ane's delightfu' groves.

Sir WILLIAM solus.

THE Gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space, unknown delight mine eyes,
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I lost,—which now are mine again.
Yet 'midst my joys, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.

F

Yonder,

Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands
Without a roof; the gates fall'n from their bands;
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tap'ltry all bereft.
My stables and pavilions, broken walls!
That with each rainy blast decaying falls.
My gardens once adorn'd, the most complete,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet:
Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks,
The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks:
But over-grown with nettles, docks and brier,
No Jaccacincs or Eglintines appear.
How do these ample walls to ruin yield,
Where Peach and Nest'rinc branches found a bield,
And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use!
All round in gaps, the most in rubbish ly,
And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.

These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy,
Forbids all grief,—when I'm to see my Boy,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since heav'n too soon call'd home his Mother fair.
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
'Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn.
After his fleecy charge serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life, that's from ambition free:
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how chearfully
A quiet contented mortal spends his time,
In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime!

Or sung as follows. SANG XII. *Happy clown.*

*Hid from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks.
Healthful, and innocently gay
He chants and whistles out the day;
Untaught to smile and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.
Life happy, from ambition free
Envy and vile hypocrisie,
Where truth and love with joys agree
Unfully'd with a crime:
Unmov'd with what disturbs the Great,
In proping of their pride and state;
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.*

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing.

[Exit Sir WILLIAM.]

ACT III. SCENE II.

'Tis Symon's house please to step in,
And vissy't round and round,
There's nought superfluous to give pain,
Or costly to be found.
Yet all is clean: a clear peet-ingle
Glances amidst the floor;
The green horn-spoons, Beech luggies mingle
On skelfs forgainst the door.
While the young brood sport on the green,
The auld anes think it best,
With the brown Cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and take their rest.

S Y

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

GLAUD.

WE anes were young ourselves,—I like to see
 The bairns bob round with other merrily.
 Troth Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
 And better looks than his I never bade.
 Amang our lads, he bears the gree awa'.
 And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

ELSPA.

Poor man! he's a great comfort to us baith;
 God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.
 He is a bairn I'll fay't well worth our care,
 That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

GLAUD.

I trow, goodwife, if I be not mistaen,
 He seems to be with Peggy's beauty tane;
 And troth my niece is a right dainty wean,
 As ye weil ken; a bonnyer needna be,
 Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

SYMON.

Ha Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
 My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;
 And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
 I'd rather be mixt with the mools my sell.

GLAUD.

What reason can ye have? there's nane, I'm sure,
 Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
 But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
 I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind:
 Fourscore of breeding ews of my ain birn,
 Five Ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
 I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride;
 By and attour, if my good luck abide,
 Ten lambs at spaining time, as lang's I live,
 And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

ELSPA.

ELSPA.

Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

SYMON.

Or this day eight days, likely ye shall learn,
That our denial disna flight your bairn.

GLAUD.

Well, nae mair o't,—come gi'es the other bend,
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

(Their healths gae round.)

SYMON.

But will ye tell me, Glaud, by some it's said,
Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid
Down at your hallon side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

GLAUD.

That clatteran Madge, my Tittie, tells sic flaws,
Whene're our Meg her cankar'd humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

O! Father, there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen;
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns owre the leaves, and gies our brows a look:
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard,
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

SYMON.

Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to day.

[Exit Jenny.

But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my gray mare.

GLAUD.

G L A U D.

Spaemen!—the truth of a' their saws I doubt,
For greater liers never ran thereout.

*Returns Jenny bringing in Sir William; with
them Patie.*

S Y M O N.

Ye're welcome, honest carle;—here, tak a feat.

Sir W I L L.

I give you thanks, goodman; I'fe no be blate.

G L A U D *drinks.*

Come t'ye friend.—How far came ye the day?

Sir W I L L.

I pledge ye, nibour;—e'en but little way.
Rousted with eild, a wie piece gate seems lang;
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

S Y M O N.

Ye're welcome here to stay all night with me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gi'ye.

Sir W I L L.

That's kind unfought.—Well, gin ye have a bairn
That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

S Y M O N *pointing to Patie.*

Only that lad; alake! I have nae mae,
Either to make me joyful now or wae,

Sir W I L L.

Young man, let's see your hand, what gars you sneer?

P A T I E.

Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir

Sir W I L L.

Ye cut before the point: But, billy, bide,
I'll wadger there's a moufe-mark on your side.

E L S P A.

Betooch-us to!—and well I wat that's true!
Awa, awa' the deil's o'er grit wi' you.
Four inch beneath his oxter is the mark;
scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

Sir W I L L.

I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be spair'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich Laird.

E L S P A.

A Laird! —Hear ye, goodman! —what think ye now!

S Y M O N.

I dinna ken! strange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa your heart; 'tis good to bode of wealth;
Come turn the timber to Laird Patie's health.

[*Patie's health gaes round.*]

P A T I E.

A Laird of twa good whistles and a kent,
Twa curs my trusty tenants on the bent,
Is all my great estate,—and like to be:
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

S Y M O N.

Whisht, Patie;—let the man look owre your hand;
Aftimes as broken a ship has come to land.

Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.

E L S P A.

Preserve's! —the mans a warlock, or posselt
With some nae good,—or second-sight at least.
Where is he now! —

G L A U D.

G L A U D.

—He's seeing a' that's done,
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

E L S P A.

These second-fighted fowk, his peace be here!
See things far aff, and things to come as clear
As I can see my thumb; wow, can he tell
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himsell)
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht he heaves,
And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

S Y M O N.

He'll soon grow better,—Elspa, haste ye gae
And fill him up a tafs of usquebae.

Sir WILL. starts up and speaks.

" A Knight that for a LYON fought,
" Against a herd of Bears,
" Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
" In which some thousands shares:
" But now again the LYON rares,
" And joy spreads o'er the plain,
" The LYON has defeat the Bears,
" The Knight returns again.
" THAT Knight, in a few days, shall bring
" A Shepherd frae the fauld,
" And shall present him to his King,
" A subject true and bauld.
" He Mr. PATRICK shall be call'd:—
" All you that hear me now,
" May well believe what I have tald,
" For it shall happen true.

S Y M O N.

Friend, may your spacing happen soon and well;
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deel,

To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep;
Or do you get them tald you in your sleep?

Sir W I L L.

Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard,
Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward;
But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

S Y M O N.

You prophesying fowks are odd kind men!
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,
The wimpld meaning of your unko tale,
Whilk soon will make a noise o'er muir and dale.

G L A U D.

'Tis nae sma sport to hear how Sym believes,
And takes't for gospel what the spaeman gives,
Of flawing fortunes whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wish, we trow at any rate.

Sir W I L L.

Wisht doubtfu' carle, for ere the Sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

G L A U D.

Weil, bet't fae, friend; I shall fae naithing mair,
But I have twa sonfy lasses young and fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wish ye cou'd forsee
Sic fortunes for them might bring joy to me.

Sir W I L L.

Nae mair through secrets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent,
I have but anes a day that gift:
Sae rest a while content.

G

S Y M O N.

S Y M O N.

Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir W I L L.

Delay a while your hospitable care,
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd tower to fetch a walk :
With you kind friend, to have some private talk.

S Y M O N.

Soon as you please, I'll answer your desire,——
And, Glau'd you'll tak your pipe beside the fire ;
We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
Synce sup together, and tak our pint and crack.

G L A U D.

I'll out a while, and see the young anes play :
My heart's still light, albeit my locks are gray. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E III.

J E N N Y pretends an errand hame,
Young R O G E R draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And thow his lassie's breast,
Behind a bush, well hid frae sight they meet :
See J E N N Y's laughing, R O G E R's like to greet.
Poor Shepherd!

R O G E R *and* J E N N Y.

R O G E R.

Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let,
And yet I ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' fet.

J E N N Y.

And what wad Roger say, if he could speak ;
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek ?

R O G E R.

R O G E R.

Yes, ye may guess, right eith for what I green,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een:
And I maun out wi't tho' I risk your scorn,
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith even and morn.
Ah! cou'd I loe you less, I'd happy be;
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

J E N N Y.

And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may?
Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.

R O G E R.

Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,
When'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may ly.

J E N N Y.

I loe my father, cusin Meg I love;
But to this day, nae man my mind cou'd move:
Except my kin, ilka lad's alike to me;
And frae ye all I best had keep me free.

R O G E R.

How lang, dear Jenny,——sayna that again,
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad however that ye yet stand free,
Wha kens but ye may rue and pity me?

J E N N Y.

Ye have that pity else, to see ye set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget,
Wow but we're bonny, good, and ev'ry thing!
How sweet we breath, whene'er we kiss or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
'Than we our daffin and tint power repent:

When

When prifon'd in four waws a wife right tame,
Altho' the firft, the greateft drudge at hame.

R O G E R.

That only happens, when for fake of gear,
Ane wales a wife as he would buy a mare:
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
Tho' thou should scorn——ftill to delyte in thee.

J E N N Y.

What fuggard words frae woocers lips can fa'
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've feen with fhining fair the morning rife,
And foon the fleety clouds mirk a' the skies;
I've feen the filver-fpring a while run clear,
And foon in mossy puddles difappear:
The Bridegroom may rejoice the Bride may fmile,
But foon contentions a' their joys beguile.

R O G E R.

I've feen the morning rife with faireft light,
The day unclouded, fink in calmest night;
I've feen the fpring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
Increase and join the ocean without ftain:
The Bridegroom may be blyth, the Bride may fmile,
Rejoice throw life, and all your fears beguile.

J E N N Y.

Were I but fure you lang wou'd love maintain,
The feweft words my eafy heart could gain:
For I maun own, fince now at laft you're free,
Altho' I jok'd I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmth in my breaft,
That made ye dearer to me than the reft.

R G G E R.

I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!——
This gulh of pleasure's like to be my dead.

Come

Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm all fyr'd
With wondring love! let's kifs till we be tyr'd.
Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the sun and starns away,
And ferly at the quick return of day!
O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And brifs thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

Which may be sung as follows. SANG XIII.

Leith-wynd.

JENNY.

*Were I assur'd you'll constant prove
You should nae mair complain,
The easy maid beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain;
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.*

ROGER.

*I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breast recline;
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead!
Is Jenny then sae kind?
O let me brifs thee to my heart!
And round my arms entwine:
Delytsu' thought; we'll never part!
Come press thy mouth to mine.*

JENNY.

With equal joy, my easy heart gie's way,
To own thy well try'd love has won the day.
Now by these warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made anc.

ROGER.

I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first anc strike me deaf and dumb;

There

There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life.

J E N N Y.

S A N G X I V. O'er Bogie.

*Well I agree, ye're sure of me ;
Next to my father gae.
Make him content to give consent,
He'll hardly say you nay :
For you have what he wad be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
Where bairns want milk and meal.
Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
He'd contradict in vain ;
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like these in high degree :
And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.*

R O G E R.

My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
As mony newcal in my byars rowt ;
Five pack of woo I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
With meikle care my thrifty mother made.
Ilk thing that makes a hartsome house and tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.
They left me all, which now gi'es joy to me,
Because I can give a', my dear, to thee :
And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair.
My love and all is your's ; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like to gar them last.

J E N N Y.

J E N N Y.

I'll do my best;—but see wha comes this way,
 Patie and Meg,——besides I mauna stay;
 Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn,
 If we be seen we'll drie a deal of scorn.

R O G E R.

To where the saugh tree shades the mennin-pool,
 I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool;
 Keep tryfte, and meet me there, there let us meet,
 To kifs and tell our love;—there's nought sac sweet

A C T III. S C E N E IV.

This scene presents the KNIGHT and SYM

Within a gallery of the place,
 Where all looks ruinous and grim,
 Nor has the Baron shown his face;
 But joking with his shepherd leel,
 Aft speers the gate he kens fou weel.

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir W I L L.

TO whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

S Y M O N.

To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,
 To bear the Head up, when rebellious tail
 Against the laws of nature did prevail.
 Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
 Who fills us a' with joy, now HE'S COME HAME.

(Sir William draps his masking beard,
 Symon transported sees
 The welcome Knight with fond regard,
 And grasps him round the knees.)

My master! my dear master!——do I breathe!
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith!

Return'd

56 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

Return'd to chear his wishin tenant's fight,
To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight!

Sir W I L L.

Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind Guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this disguise,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
Since still the secret thou'lt securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

S Y M O N.

The due obedience to your strict command
Was the first lock;—nicest my ain judgment fand
Out reasons plenty—Since, without estate,
A youth, tho' sprung from Kings, looks baugh and blate.

Sir W I L L.

And aften vain and idly spend their time,
'Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
Hang on their friends,—which gies their fauls a cast,
That turns them downright beggars at the last.

S Y M O N.

Now weel I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true;
For there's Laird Kytie's son, that's loo'd by few.
His father steght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name:
He gangs about fornan frae place to place,
As forimp of manners, as of sense and grace,
Oppressing all, as punishment of their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt, whae's sae unjust
To his ane fam'lie, as to give him trust.

Sir W I L L.

Such uselefs branches of a Commonwealth,
Should be lopt off to give a state mair health.

Unworthy,

Unworthy bare reflection.—Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son:
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse:
But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

SYMON.

To speak his praise the longest summer-day
Wad be o'er short,—could I them right display.
In word and deed he can sae well behave,
That out of sight he runs before the lave;
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is best;
And his decreet stands good, he'll gar it stand!
Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand.
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

Sir WILL.

Your tale much pleases,—my good friend, proceed:
What learning has he? Can he write and read?

SYMON.

Baith wonder well; for troth I didna spare,
To gie him at the school enough of lair;
And he delytes in books:—he reads and speaks,
With fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir WILL.

Where gets he books to read?—and of what kind?
Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

SYMON.

Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys some books of history, fangs or sport:
Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a poutchfou' to the hill.
About ane Shakespear, and a famous Ben,
He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.

H

How

58 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

How sweetly Hawthrenden and Stirling sing,
And ane ca'd Cowley loyal to his King,
He kens fou well, and gars their verses ring.
I sometimes thought that he made o'er great fraise,
About fine poems, histories and plays,
When I reprov'd him anes, a book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with Kings.

Sir W I L L.

He answer'd well, and much ye glad my ear,
When such accounts I of my Shepherd hear:
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind,
Above a Lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

S Y M O N.

What ken we better, that sae findle look,
Except on rainy Sundays on a book:
When we a leaf or twa, haf read haf spell,
'Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's our self?

Sir W I L L.

Well jested, Symon;—but one question more
I'll only ask you now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd at th' age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves;
Has no young lassie with inviting mein,
And rosie cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthful heart?

S Y M O N.

I fear'd the warst, but kend the smallest part,
Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet,
With Glau'd's fair niece than I thought right or meet:
I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since like yourself your son will soon appear.
A Gentleman enrich'd with all these charms,
May bless the fairest best born lady's arms.

Sir

Sir WILL.

This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me,
None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
They come just at the time I gave command;
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress;
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

SYMON.

With how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can know that is not downright me.
[Exit Symon.]

Sir WILL. solus.

When the event of hope successfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years.
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares vanish like a morning dream;
When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning-light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known without my late distress.

But from his rustic business and love,
I must in haste my Patrick soon remove,
To courts and camps that may his soul improve:
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,

Only in little breakings shews its light,
Till artful polishing has made it shine:
Thus education makes the genius bright.

End of the third Act,

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The scene describ'd in former page.
Glaud's onset.---Enter Maufe and Madge.

MAUSE.

(heir:

O Ur Laird's come hame! and owns young Pate his
That's news indeed!-----

MADGE.

----- As true as ye stand there.

As they were dancing all in Symon's yeard,
Sir William like a warlook, with a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came, cryd, Had ye merry a'.
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his poutch he whirled forth a book:
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a' but fixt on Pate his een;
Then paukily pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naething hae.

MAUSE.

Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him and had out their loof.

MADGE.

As fast as flaes skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee Tod lawrie hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In summer days slides backward in a pool:
In short he did for Pate braw things fortell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell;
At last when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pow'd aff his beard to Symon, Symon knew
His welcome Master, round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and syne for blythness grat;

Patrick

Patrick was sent for,—happy lad was he!
 Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon;
 And troth it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no fae meikle as to Pate himsell.
 Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

MAUSE.

It may be fae, wha kens? and may be no.
 To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain:
 Even Kings has tane a Queen out of the plain,
 And what has been before may be again.

MADGE.

Sic nonsense! Love take root, but tocher-good,
 'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood:
 Sic fashions in King BRUCE's days might be:
 But siccan ferlies now we never see.

MAUSE.

Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain,
 Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain,
 Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

MADGE.

He get her! slavering doof! it sets him weil
 To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to teil;
 Gif I were Meg, I'd let young Master see——

MAUSE.

Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he.
 And so wad I: but whisht, here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY singing.

JENNY said to Jecky, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free;
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow sae,———Lasses will come to at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-baws cast.

M A U S E.

Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?——

B A U L D Y.

——Faith unco right:

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

M A D G E.

And wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask?

B A U L D Y.

To find out that is nae difficult task.

Poor bonny PEGGY, wha maun think nae mair,
On Pate turn'd PATRICK and Sir WILLIAM's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand be,
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove:
Lefs willful, and ay constant in my love.

M A D G E.

As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn;
Fy, Bauldy! blush, and vows of love regard;
What other lafs will true a mansworn herd?
The curse of heav'n hings ay aboon their heads,
'That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er advise my niece sae grae a gate,
Nor will she be advis'd, fou weel I wate.

B A U L D Y.

Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest;
Ye leed, auld Roudes,——and in faith had best
Eat in your words, else I shall gar ye stand
With a het face afore the haly band.

MADGE,

MADGE.

Ye'll gar me stand! ye shevelling gabbit brock;
Speak that again, and, trembling, dread my rock,
And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can fly the skin o'ye'r cheeks out owre your chin.

BAULDY.

I tak ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say,
That I'm manfsworn,——I winna let it gae.

MADGE.

Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And should be serv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!——

Flys to his hair like a fury:—A stout battle.

———Maufe endeavours to redd them.

MAUSE.

Let gang your grips, fy Madge! howt, Bauldy, leen,
I wadna wish this tuilzie had been seen;
'Tis fac daft like——

*Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches
with a bleeding nose.*

MADGE.

———'Tis dafter like to thole
An ether-cap, like him, to blaw the coal.
It sets him well, with vile unscrapit tongue
To cast up whether I be auld or young.
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And or they died their bairn's bairns have seen.

MAUSE.

That's true; and, Bauldy, ye was far to blame;
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name.

BAULDY.

My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the same.

MADGE.

MADGE.

Auld Roudes, filthy fallow, I shall auld ye.

MAUSE.

Howt no,—ye'll e'en be friends with honest Bauldy,
Come, come, shake hands: this maun nae farder gae:
Ye maun forgie 'im; I see the lad looks wae.

BAULDY.

In troth now, Mause, I have at Madge nae spite:
But she abusing first was a' the wyte
Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

MADGE.

I crave you pardon! gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat.
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.
Vow and loup back!—Was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith tak him, diel he's owre lang out of hell.

BAULDY *running off*.

His presence be about us! curst were he,
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

[Exit Bauldy.

MADGE *laughing*.

I think I have towzled his harrigals a wee;
He'll no soon grien to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve
A lassie fac he does but ill deserve.

MAUSE.

Ye towin'd him rightly—I commend ye for't,
His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport;
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith—to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

MADGE.

The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 65

M A D G E.

A witch! — How had ye patience this to bear;
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

M A U S E.

Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like mine,
Obliges fowk resentment to decline,
Till aft it's seen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning, can the lake of piñh supplie.
Thus I pat off revenge till it was dark,
Syne bad him come, and we shou'd ga g to wark:
I'm sure he'll keep his triste; and I came here
To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

M A D G E.

And special sport we'll have, as I protest;
Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist.
A linnen sheet wound round me, like ane dead;
I'll cawk my face, and grane and shake my head.
We'll fleg him fae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

M A U S E.

Then let us go; for see, 'tis hard on night;
The westlin clouds shine rid with setting light. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E II.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green swaird grows damp with falling dew;
While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd tenderly inspir'd,
Walks through the broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, and comfort Meg, and take farewell.

R O G E R

WOW but I'm cagie, and my heart louns light;
O! Mr. Patrick, ay your thoughts were right.
Sure gentle fowk are farer seen than we,
That naething hae to brag of pedegree.

I

My

My Jenny now, wha brake my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding, — sweet, — and nae mair scorn.
I spake my mind, — she heard, — I spake again,
She smil'd, — I kifs'd, — I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

PATIE.

I'm glad to hear't: but O! my change this day
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
I've found a father gently kind as brave,
And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave;
With looks all kindness, words that love confest,
He all the Father to my soul exprest,
While clos he held me to his manly breast.
Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, Blessing of my youth!
Who set too soon! — And while he praise bestow'd,
Adown his graceful cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;
That speechless lang, my late kend Sire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.
Unusual transports made my head turn round,
Whilst I myself, with rising raptures, found
The happy son of ane fae much renown'd.
But he has hear'd — too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear;
Which he forbids, — ah! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat my heart must sooner cease.

R O G E R.

How to advise you, troth I'm at a stand:
But were't my case, ye'd clear it up aff-hand.

PATIE.

Duty and hasten reason plead his cause:
But what cares love for reason, rules and laws?

Still

Still in my heart my shepherdess excells,
And part of my new happiness repells,
Or sung as follows. SANG XV. *Kirk wad let me be.*

*Duty and part of reason
Plead strong on the parent's side,
Which love so superior calls treason;
The strongest must be obey'd:
For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My constancy falsehood repells;
For change in my heart has no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excells.*

ROGER.

Enjoy them baith;—Sir William will be won:
Your Peggy's bonny,—you're his only son.

PATIE.

She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love,
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.
I'll wed nane else, through life I will be true;
But still obedience is a parent's due.

ROGER.

Is not our master and yourself to stay
Amang us here,—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts?

PATIE.

To Edinburgh straight, to-morrow we advance,
To London neist, and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some years, and learn—to dance,
And twa three other monky-tricks:—that doon,
I come hame strutting in my reed-heel'd shoon.
Then its design'd, when I can weel behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
For some few bags of cash, that I wate weel,
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel:

But

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But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

ROGER.

'They wha have just enough can soundly sleep,
The o'ercome only fashies fouk to keep.'—
Good Mr. Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

PATIE.

What was my morning thought, at night's the same:
The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greatest blifs we can procure
Frae boon the lift.—Without it Kings are poor.—

ROGER.

But an estate, like your's, yields braw content,
When we but pike it scanty on the bent:
Fine claiths, saft beds, sweet houfes and red wine,
Good cheer, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,
Obeyfant servants, honour, wealth and ease;
Wha's no content with these are ill to please.

PATIE.

Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss,
But mo'ny a cloud hings hovering o'er their blifs:
The passions rule the roost;—and if they're sour,
Like the lean ky, they'll soon the fat devour.
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,
Are frequentest with fowk o'erlaid with ease;
While o'er the muir, the shepherd with less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and halefome air.

ROGER.

LORD man, I wonder ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.

How

The GENTLE SHEPHERD. 69

How gat ye a' that sense I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear.

PATIE.

Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill,
These best can teach what's real good or ill.
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

ROGER.

I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy:
Faith I've hae books, tho' I shou'd sell my ky:
But now, let's hear how you're design'd to move
Between Sir William's will and Peggy's love.

PATIE.

Then here it lys,——his will maun be obey'd,
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride:
But I some time this last design maun hide,
Keep you the secret closs, and leave me here,
I sent for Peggy; yonder comes my dear.

ROGER.

Pleas'd that ye trust me with the secret, I,
To wyle it frae me, a' the deels defy. [*Exit Roger.*]

PATIE *solus.*

With what a struggle must I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart!
I ken she loves, and her fast soul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment——Heaven, support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.
Her eyes are red——— [*Enter Peggy.*]
——My Peggy, why in tears?

Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

PEGGY.

P E G G Y.

I dare not think fae high; I now repine
 At the unhappy chance that made not me
 A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
 Wha can, withouten pain, see frae the coast
 The ship that bears his All like to be lost;
 Like to be carried by some Rever's hand,
 Far frae his wishes to some distant land?

P A T I E.

Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains,
 To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
 My father has forbid our loves I own:
 But love's superior to a parent's frown.
 I falsehood hate: come kiss thy cares away;
 I ken to love, as well as to obey.
 Sir Willam's generous, leave the task to me,
 To make strict duty and true love agree.

P E G G Y.

Speak on!—speak ever thus, and still my grief,
 But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
 New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
 That with nice air swims round in silk attire;
 Then I, poor me!—with sighs may ban my fate,
 When the young Laird's nae mair my hartsome Pate:
 Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,
 By the blyth Shepherd that excell'd the rest:
 Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling gang,
 When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang:
 Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadows play!
 And rin haff-breathless round the rucks of hay,
 As aft times I have fled from thee right fain,
 And fawn on purpose that I might be tane.
 Nae mair around the foggy know I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.

But

But hear my vow——'twill help to give me ease,
May sudden death, or deadly fair disease,
And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

Or sung as follows. SANG XVI. *Woes my heart
that we shou'd sunder.*

*Speak on,—speak thus, and still my grief
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.*

*Agentler face in silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alake poor me! will now conspire,
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.*

*No more the Shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder:
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.*

*Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the know with silent duty
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandring lover,
Throw life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.*

PATIE.

Sure heaven approves;—and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:
And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle;

Yet

Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
 I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
 The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
 If at my foot were crowns and sceptres laid,
 To bribe my soul frae thee, delightful maid;
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
 To sic as have the patience to be kings.
 Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

P E G G Y.

I greet for joy to hear thy words sae kind.
 When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair,
 Made me think life was little worth my care,
 My heart was like to burst: but now I see
 Thy generous thoughts will save thy love for me.
 With patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
 Hope time away till thou with joy appear.
 And all the while, I'll study gentler charms,
 To make me fitter for my traveller's arms.
 I'll gain on uncle Glaud; he's far frae fool,
 And will not grudge to put me through ilk school,
 Where I may manners learn——

Or sung as follows. S A N G XVII. *Tweed-side.*

*When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will save't for thy sake,
 Where'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him ever in sight.
 With patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms:
 Hope time away till thou appear
 To lock thee for ay in those arms.*

Whilst

*Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height that's becoming thy wife.
For beauty that's only skin deep,
Must fade like the gowans of May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love;
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.*

P A T I E.

—————That's wisely said,
And what your uncle wares shall be well paid.
Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native sweets might gain a Prince's heart;
Yet now, lest in our station we offend,
We must learn modes to innocence unken'd;
Affect oft-times to like the thing we hate,
And drap serenity to keep up state:
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to say,
And, for the fashion, when we're blyth seem wae:
Pay compliments to them we oft have scorn'd,
Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

P E G G Y.

If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am still;——but I'll be ought with thee.

P A T I E.

No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest,
With gentry's apes; for still amongst the best,
Good manners give integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the art to please.

K

P E G G Y,

P E G G Y.

Since with nae hazard, and fae small expence,
 My lad frae books can gather siccan sense;
 Then why, ah! why, shou'd the tempestuous sea,
 Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
 Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
 For watna-whats fae great a risque to run.

P A T I E.

There is nae doubt, but travelling does improve,
 Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love:
 But soon as I've shook off my landwart cast
 In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

P E G G Y.

With every setting day, and rising morn,
 I'll kneel to heav'n, and ask thy safe return.
 Under that tree, and on the suckler brae,
 Where aft we wont, when bairns, to run and play;
 And to the Hissel shaw, where first ye vow'd
 Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
 I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flowers,
 With joy, that they'll bear witness I am your's.

Or sung as follows. SANG XVIII. *Bush aboon
 Traquair.*

*At setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,
 I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit oft the Birken-bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me,
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst unfold me.*

*To all our haunts I will repair,
 By Greenwood, shaw or fountain;
 Or where the summer-day I'd share
 With thee upon yon mountain.*

There

*There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is your's
A heart which cannot wander.*

PATIE.

My dear, allow me frae thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair;
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll often kiss and wear about my arm,

PEGGY.

Wer't in my power with better boons to please,
I'd give the best I could with the same ease:
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fall'n to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee,

PATIE.

I doubt it not, but since we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime:
Love's faster meaning better is express,
When it's with kisses on the heart imprest. [Exeunt.

End of the fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

See how poor Bauldy stares like ane posselt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest:
Bare-leg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See the auld man comes forward to the sot.

SYMON.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its power?
Far to the North the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake and glowre, and look sae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

BAULDY,

BAULDY.

O len me soon some water, milk or ale,
 My head's grown giddy,—legs with shaking fail:
 I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane;
 Alake! I'll never be myfell again.
 I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon, O Symon! O!

[Symon gives him a drink.]

SYMON.

What ails thee, gowk! to make fae loud adoe?
 You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed,
 He comes, I fear ill-pleas'd; I hear his tread.

[Enter Sir William.]

Sir WILL.

How goes the night? Does day-light yet appear?
 Symon, you're very timeously after.

SYMON.

I'm forry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest;
 But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit oppress,
 He's seen some witch, or wrestled with a ghast. }

BAULDY.

O ay,—dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true,
 And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir WILL. *smiling.*

I lang to hear't.———

BAULDY.

———Ah! Sir, the witch caw'd Maufe,
 That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
 First promis'd that she'd help me with her art,
 To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
 As she had tryfted, I met wi'er this night,
 But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!

For

For the curs'd hag, instead of doing me good,
 (The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
 Rais'd up a ghaist or deel, I kenna whilk,
 Like a dead corpse, in sheet as white as milk.
 Black hands it had, and face as wan as death;
 Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
 And gat me down, while I like a great fool,
 Was labour'd as I wont to be at school:
 My heart out of its hool was like to lowp;
 I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope,
 Till with an elritch laugh they vanish'd quite;
 Sync I haf-dead with anger, fear and spite,
 Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir to you,
 Hoping your help, to gie the deel his due.
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be burnt.

Sir W I L L.

Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be,
 Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

B A U L D Y.

Thanks to your Honour, soon shall I obey;
 But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
 To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,
 And cast their cantraips that bring up the deel.

[Exit Bauldy.]

Sir W I L L.

Troth, Symon, Bauldy's mair afraid than hurt,
 The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
 What silly notions croud the clouded mind,
 That is throw want of education blind.

S Y M O N.

But does your Honour think there's nae sic thing,
 As witches raising deels up through a ring;
 Sync playing tricks? a thousand I cou'd tell,
 Coud never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir

Sir W I L L.

Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
 Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,
 Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
 O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp,
 Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow
 Aft-times like Bawty, Badrans, or a Sow;
 Then with his train throw airy paths to glide,
 While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride;
 Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
 To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;
 Then aft by night, bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
 By tumbling down their cup-board, chairs and stools:
 Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
 Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

S Y M O N.

'Tis true enough we ne'er heard that a witch
 Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich:
 But Maufe, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
 And lives a quiet and very honest life.
 That gars me think this hoblefhew that's past
 Will end in naithing but a joke at last.

Sir W I L L.

I'm sure it will; — but see increasing light,
 Commands the imps of darknes down to night:
 Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
 Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

S A N G X I X. Bonny gray-ey'd morn.

*The bonny gray-ey'd morn begins to peep,
 And darknes flies before the rising ray
 The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day,*

Without

*Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow;
 The Lark and the Linnet tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert driving his plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.
 While fluster'd with wine or madden'd with loss,
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.
 [Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE II.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
 With a blue hood Jenny binds up her hair;
 Glau by his morning ingle takes a beek;
 The rising sun shines motty through the reek,
 A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
 And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

GLAUD.

I Wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
 Ye do not use so soon to see the light;
 Nae doubt ye now intend to mix the thrang,
 To take your leave of Patrick or he gang:
 But do you think, that now when he's a Laird,
 That he poor landwart lasses will regard?

JENNY.

Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure,
 He has mair sense than slight auld friends tho' poor;
 But yesterday he gae us mony a tug,
 And kiss'd my cusin there frae lug to lug.

GLAUD.

G L A U D.

Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
 But be advis'd his company refrain.
 Before, he, as a shepherd fought a wife,
 With her to live a chaste and frugal life:
 But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake
 Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

P E G G Y.

A rake! what's that?—Sure if it means ought ill,
 He'll never be't, else I have tint my skill.

G L A U D.

Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
 Ane young, and good and gentle's unco rare:
 A rake's a graceless spark that thinks nae shame,
 To do what like of us think sin to name.
 Sic are fae void of shame they'll never flap,
 To brag how aften they have had the clap.
 They'll tempt young things like you with youdith flusht'd,
 Syne mak ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd.
 Be wary then, I say, and never gi'e
 Encouragement, or board with sic as he.

P E G G Y.

Sir William's virtuous, and of gentle blood;
 And may not Patrick too like him be good?

G L A U D.

That's true, and mony gentry mae than he
 As they are wiser, better are than we;
 But thinner fawn: they're fae puft up with pride,
 There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
 That shaws the gate to heaven.—I've heard my fell,
 Some of them laugh at dooms-day, sin and hell.

J E N N Y.

Watch o'er us, Father! heh, that's very odd,
 Sure him that doubts a doom's-day, doubts a God.

G L A U D.

GLAUD.

Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think
Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink.
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought.
That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

PEGGY.

The LORD forbid! — Na, he kens better things:
But here comes aunt, her face some ferly brings.
[Enter Madge.]

MADGE.

Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for owre the gate
To hear and help to redd some odd debate
'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
At Symon's house, the Knight sits judge himsell.

GLAUD.

Lend me my staff, — Madge, lock the outer dore,
And bring the lasses wi' ye, I'll step before. [Exit Glaud.]

MADGE.

Poor Meg! — look Jenny, was the like e'er seen,
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een?
This day her brankan wooer takes his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword and glancing headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new won hey:
To leave the green-swaird dance, when we gae milk,
To ruffle among the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg! maun with the shepherd stay,
And tak what God will send in hoden-gray.

PEGGY.

Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your scorn?
That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.

L

Gif

Gif I the daughter of some Laird had been,
 I ne'er had noticed Patie on the green.
 Now since he rises, why should I repine?
 If he's made for another he'll ne'er be mine;
 And then the like, has been, if the decree
 Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

M A D G E.

A bonny story trowth!——but we delay;
 Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E III.

Sir William fills the two-arm'd chair,
 While Symon, Roger, Glaud and Maufe
 Attend, and with loud laughter, hear
 Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
 For now 'tis told him that the taz
 Was handled by revengefu' madge,
 Becanfe he broke good breeding's laws,
 And, with his nonsense, rais'd their rage.

Sir W I L L.

AND was that all? Well, Bauldy, ye was serv'd
 No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
 Was it so small a matter to defame,
 And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
 Besides your going about to have betray'd,
 By perjury an innocent young maid.

B A U L D Y.

Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps,
 And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps-

M A U S E.

Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
 I kend not that they thought me sic before.

B A U L D Y.

BAULDY.

An't like your honour I believ'd it weel;
But troth I was e'en doilt to seek the deel;
Yet with your honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
She's baith a flee and a revengefu'——
And that my *some place* finds;——but I had best
Had in my tongue, for yonder comes the ghait,
And the young bonny witch, whafe rosie cheek,
Sent me, without my wit, the deel to seek.

[Enter Madge, Peggy, and Jenny.

Sir W I L L. looking at Peggy.

Whose daughter's she that wears the aurora gown,
With face sae fair, and locks so lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this I find?
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter Glauf?——

G L A U D.

——Sir, she's my niece,——
And yet she's not:——But I should hold my peace.

Sir W I L L.

This is a contradiction. What d'ye mean?
She is and is not! pray thee, Glauf, explain.

G L A U D.

Because, I doubt, if I should make appear
What I have kept a secret thirteen year.

M A U S E.

You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir W I L L.

Speak soon; I'm all impatience!——

PATIE.

PATIE.

———So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

GLAUD.

Then, since my Master orders, I obey.

This BONNY FUNDLING æ clear morn of May,
 Close by the lee side of my door I found,
 All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
 In infant weeds of rich and gentle make.
 What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
 Wha, warfe than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air
 Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,
 Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me,
 Only about twa townmonds auld to be;
 I took her in my arms, the bairny smil'd,
 With sic a look wad made a savage mild.
 I hid the story; she has past since syne,
 As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.
 Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
 For she's well worth the pains that I have tane.
 Ye see she's bonny, I can swear she's good,
 And am right sure she's come of gentle blood;
 Of whom I kenna,———naithing ken I mair,
 Than what I to your honour now declare.

Sir WILL.

This tale seems strange!———

PATIE.

———The tale delights my ear!

Sir WILL.

Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

MAUSE.

That be my task;—now, Sir, bid all be hush,
 Peggy may smile—thou hast no cause to blush.

Lang

Lang have I wish'd to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth give way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
The best and nearest friend that she can claim.
He saw't at first, and with quick eye did trace,
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir WILL.

Old woman, do not rave, prove what you say;
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

PATIE.

What reason, Sir, can an old woman have,
To tell a lie, when she's sat near her grave?
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
I, every thing, looks like a reason, want.

OMNES.

The story's odd! we with we heard it out.

Sir WILL.

Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt,
[*Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.*]

MAUSE.

Sir, view me well, has fifteen years so plow'd,
A wrinkl'd face that you have often view'd,
That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
Who nurs't her mother that now holds my hand?
Yet stronger proofs I'll give, if you demand.

Sir WILL.

Ha, honest nurse! where were my eyes before?
I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;
Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,
Say to expose her, who was so unkind?

[*Sir William embraces Peggy and makes her sit by him.*]
Yes, surely thou'rt my niece, truth must prevail:
But no more words till Mause relate her tale.

PATIE.

P A T I E.

Good nurse, go on, nae musick's haff fae fine,
Or can give pleasure like these words of thine.

M A U S E.

Then it was I, that sav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang, but I the secret knew;
How they pursu'd with avaritious view,
Her rich estate, of which they're now possesst:
All this to me a confident confest.
I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.
That very night when all were sunk in rest,
At mid-night hour the floor I fastly prest;
And staw the sleeping innocent away,
With whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.
All day I hid me,—when the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains
Where needful plenty glads your chearful Swains.
Then fear of being found out, I to secure
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er shou'd happen to her, might be by,
Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon may
Remember well, how I that very day,
Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

GLAUD, with tears of joy happing down his beard.

I well remember't: LORD reward your love.
Lang have I wish'd for this; for aft I thought,
Sic knowledge sometime should about be brought.

P A T I E.

'Tis now a crime to doubt;—my joys are full,
With due obedience to my parent's will.

Sir,

Sir, with paternal love, survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms:
She's mine by vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir WILL.

My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
Equal with Patrick; now my greatest aim,
Shall be to aid your joys and well match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

[*Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.*]

PATIE.

With as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.

Sir WILL. raises them.

I give you both my blessing; may your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

PEGGY.

My wishes are complete,—my joys arise,
While I'm haff dizzy with the blest surprize.
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?
Lang may Sir William blefs these happy plains,
Happy, while heaven grant he on them remains.

PATIE.

Be lang our Guardian, still our Master be,
We'll only crave what ye shall please to gi'e:
Th' estate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me.

GLAUD.

I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends.

Sir

Sir WILL.

The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
 That eyes above watch the affairs below.
 I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
 And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

PEGGY.

To me the views of wealth, and an estate
 Seem light, when put in ballance with my Pate:
 For his sake only, I'll ay thankful bow
 For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

SYMON.

What double blythness wakens up this day!
 I hope, now Sir, you'll no soon haste away?
 Sall I unsadle your horse, and gar prepare
 A dinner for you of hale country fare?
 See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
 Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
 Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
 Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Maufe's plot.

Sir WILL.

Kindly old man,—remain with you this day!
 I never from these fields again will stray;
 Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
 And busy gardeners shall new planting rear:
 My father's hearty table you soon shall see
 Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

SYMON.

That's the best news I hear'd this twenty year;
 New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

GLAUD.

GOD save the King, and save Sir William lang,
 T' enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

ROGER.

ROGER.

Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing?
What Shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

BAULDY,

I'm friends with Maufe,—with very Madge I'm gree'd,
Altho' they skelpit me when woodly flead.
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, Lang may Sir William live.

MADGE.

Lang may he live;—and Bauldy, learn to steek
Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some wiche's fingers ban.
This day I'll with the youngest of you rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn!

PEGGY,

No other name I'll ever for you learn——
And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me!

MAUSE,

The flowing pleasures of this happy day,

SYMON.

Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir WILL.

To faithful Symon, and kind Glau'd to you,
And to your heirs, I give in endless feu,
The mailens ye possess, as justly due
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Maufe, in my house, in calmness close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

M

OMNES.

O M N E S.

The LORD of Heaven return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

[PATIE *presenting Roger to Sir William.*

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
My bosom secrets ere I was a Laird.
Glaud's daughter Janet, (Jenny, think na shame)
Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb, at last he spake and won,
And hopes to be our honest uncle's son;
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That nane may wear a face of discontent.

Sir WILL.

My son's demand is fair—Glaud, let me crave,
That trusty Roger may your daughter have
With frank consent, and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

G L A U D.

You croud your bounties, Sir, What can we say,
But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?
What e'er your Honour wills, I shall obey.
Roger, my daughter, with my blessing, take,
And still our Master's right your business make.
Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
Shall nod with quietness down among the dead.

R O G E R.

I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a fraise;
But for my Master, father and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life.

Sir WILL.

My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all behave
Each in his station as I'd wish or crave.

Be

Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find
 Reward and satisfaction to your mind.
 The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;
 And oft when hopes are highest we're beguil'd,
 Aft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
 Some happy turn, with joy, dispells our care.
 Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear.

P E G G Y.

When you demand, I readiest should obey:
 I'll sing you ane the newest that I hae.

SANG XX. Corn rigs are bonny.

*My Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy;
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy:
 His shape is handsome, middle size,
 He's comely in his warwking;
 The shining of his een surprize:
 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.
 Last night I met him on a barwk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing,
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony,
 That gars me like to sing sincefyne,
 O corn rigs are bonny.
 Let lasses of a silly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding were design'd,
 We chastly should be granting.
 Then I'll comply and marry PATE,
 And fyne my cockernonny
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn rigs are bonny.*

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